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THE
International Cricket Match.



[“STUDIO FALLENT LABOREM,”—HORACE.)

PLAYED OCT., 1859, IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS,

AT HOBOKEN,

ON THE GROUND OF THE

ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB.

Together join'd in Cricket's manly Game,
They, for each other, made a well earn'd Fame.

NEW YORK:

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DEDICATION.

To the President and Members of the St. George's Cricket Club.

GENTLEMEN :

The following Report of the Great International Match, recently played under your auspices, in the vicinity of the City of New York, is respectfully dedicated to you.

The countenance you bestowed upon the game, and the patronage you extended, characterized it as a very important event; never before equalled in interest by any other occurrence in our country, connected with athletic exercises.

You have put all American Cricketers under an obligation, for much benefit must accrue to us, from the recent visit of the "All England Eleven;"—they have shown what is to be attained by activity and practice. Now, have we not the same muscle, and the same nerve? Are we not of the same stock? All we need, then, is that laudable ambition to excel in our out-door games, that characterizes our transatlantic friends.

Go on, then, gentlemen, to encourage *a disposition* to all out-door recreations in this country, but particularly *the Game of Cricket*; the only object I had in view in writing this report, is to foster and promote, as far as my humble ability will enable me to do so, *such a disposition* among the young men of the present day.

If I have succeeded no further, I can at all events

"Lay this flattering unction to my soul,"

that all, who have taken part in the recent game, will find

they have been mentioned, either by name, or by inference, *kindly* and encouragingly. I have taken special care, also, to show, that even they, who added not to the score, (for Cricket is partly a game of chance there is no doubt,) *did their part well*, worthy of all commendation.

Tho' in the course of nature I can no longer be an active cricketer, my interest in the game is not in the least abated, nor is my anxiety less than that of the youngest and most zealous of my brethren of the bat and ball, to see Cricket more generally established, better understood, and more regularly practised among us; and there is everything to indicate that this pleasing hope will soon be realized! The dawn of a better day is certainly appearing in our cricket world; the streaks that foretell its coming are no longer faint and irregular, but with a *golden promise* for the future!

How much it behoves you then, gentlemen, to continue to set a good example to all the younger Clubs in your vicinity, and others likely soon to be organized.

Let no disqualification in your own ranks ever appear for the want of a proper spirit within any of you, to constitute the right sort of man for a true cricketer. But should this at any time be the case, bear in mind, then, you have the benefit of an ELYSIAN FIELD, for proper training.

The rightful remedy, it will be remembered by many of you, old Virgil proposes for all weariness, heaviness, inertness of muscle, of nerve, and of spirit—in short, the discipline he recommends to render those who are not in right condition to join *the chosen few* in the Cricket Field, may be inferred from these significant words of his,

“ Exinde per amplum
Mittimur Elysium, et pauci læta arva tenemus.”

According to my construction of this intricate passage,

which has perplexed the minds of the best scholars, it means nothing more, depend upon it, when rendered into plain English, than, SEND THEM TO THE ELYSIAN FIELDS, AND MAKE THEM PRACTICE!

Gentlemen of the St. George's Cricket Club :

This little book may be thought an humble offering to make to your good name; but, in the hope of its being instrumental for good, by calling particular attention to the subject, and endeavoring to throw an increased charm around "the noble game," which it is the object of your Association to encourage and advance, it is inscribed to you with all due deference and respect, by

Your friend and well wisher,

JOHN B. IRVING.

Nov. 17th, 1859.

P R E F A C E.

IN 1856, during the visit of the Cricketers representing All Canada to New York, to contend against the picked men of the United States, the possibility of a visit from the All England Eleven was discussed, and Mr. Pickering, who then resided in Western Canada, was requested to commence a correspondence—this ended in nothing—and no further joint action was taken.

In 1857 a correspondence was commenced by R. Waller, of the St. George's Club of New York, with Messrs. Lillywhite and Wisden; the last letter received on the subject was from F. Lillywhite, dated March 15th, 1858, but owing to the want of a private ground, and other reasons, it was held in abeyance. This season, through the liberality of E. A. Stevens, Esq., of Hoboken, a new ground was commenced for the St. George's Club, which was to have been finished for play for 1860, when a letter was received from W. P. Pickering, of Montreal, dated June 9th, 1859, stating he had received information from England, that the All England Eleven would come out to America on reasonable terms, and that if the St. George's Club approved and were willing to aid, he proposed four matches should be played—two in Canada, and two in the United States; the St. George's Club to have the entire management of the latter. To this a reply was sent, that as far as the St. George's Club was concerned, it would be more convenient to defer the visit till another year, mainly because the new ground would scarcely be ready. Mr. Pickering, however, urging that the

affair should come off this season, the St. George's Club at once gave the requisite guarantee, without asking or requiring any explanation as to cost, but paid the sum asked, and in turn corresponded with Philadelphia, which city as promptly responded, agreeing to pay one-half the sum, whatever it might be, guaranteed by the St. George's Club.

The agreement made with Mr. Pickering was for two matches, for each of which one week was to be allotted, to allow for any contingencies of bad weather; and a guarantee was given that no other match should be played in the States except under the control or by the consent of the St. George's Club; Mr. Pickering being authorized to give this, as he held a memorandum signed by Messrs. Parr and Wisden, who engaged and made all the arrangements for the players, that they would not play any match but where he advised. The necessity for this guarantee is obvious, for if any Club could obtain the services of the Eleven after their arrival, who could be found to pay their travelling expenses and passage across the Atlantic?

The four matches were accepted by the Montreal Club, the St. George's Club for the States, and sub-let to Philadelphia and the Hamilton Club, and they were to have been commenced September 21st, 26th, October 3d and 10th; but owing to the long passage of the Nova Scotian, the Montreal match was not commenced till the 24th September; bad weather also prevailing, Mr. Pickering requested the St. George's Club to defer their match to the 28th, and then to the 29th; but the heavy rains had so injured the new ground that the latter Club insisted on a further delay, and ultimately the matches were fixed—New York October 3d, Philadelphia October 10th, Hamilton October 17th. This was a gain for the players, as it enabled a new series of matches to

be arranged to fill up the week allotted to each city, and a benefit was given them, dividing the twelve and filling up the sides from the ranks of their opponents.

The first match, against twenty-two of Lower Canada, in Montreal, resulted in defeat of Canadians, by eight wickets.

The second match, against twenty-two of the United States, at New York, All England won in one innings and sixty-four runs.

The third match, against twenty-two of the United States, at Philadelphia, the Americans lost by seven wickets.

The fourth match, against twenty-two of Canada, at Hamilton, resulted in a victory for All England, by ten wickets.

Just before the arrival of the players, applications were received from Rochester and Cincinnati, for matches, but declined by the St. George's Club, for the reasons that the season would be too far advanced, and the heavy liability of the Clubs already guaranteeing the expenses, it was not deemed prudent to allow another match to be entertained till the result of present engagements was known. Rochester, however, sent a delegate to New York during the visit of the Eleven, and although contrary to the judgment of St. George's Club, they gave their consent, and a match was arranged to be played after the Hamilton, and against twenty-two chosen from Canada and United States. Although the combined force contained many of the best players, it did not represent the strength of the two countries, and All England won in one innings and sixty-six runs; the match commencing October 21st, the weather cold, windy, and frosty, delayed by a snow storm, and finished October 25th, when the players left *via* the St. Lawrence for Montreal and Quebec, sailing from the latter port for home Saturday, Oct. 29th.

The expenses of these matches were very heavy to the Clubs,

but the large amount requisite was raised mainly by subscriptions and personal exertions of the Committees, without which, the loss would have been very heavy; although owing to the very fine weather during the New York match the St. George's Club were more fortunate than any of the other cities, and no less than 7,400 visitors were on the ground the second day, including many Ladies, in fact a more respectable or orderly assemblage was never collected together.

To the Players the visit was a success in every sense, not only by maintaining their high position as Cricketers and leaving behind them "golden opinions" on account of their steady, quiet behavior, but also in a pecuniary point of view. The result to *the benefit of cricket* is very gratifying, and although the Eleven may never be greeted with such large assemblies of spectators, a visit can always be made to pay any reasonable compensation; and should they leave England one month earlier, their visit could be extended to the Western and Southern Cities.

The result also, in showing the faults of the style of play on this Continent, will tend to improve the mode of playing the game wonderfully, which would be greatly advanced if a first class bowler and player could be induced to stay here. The excitement, owing to the exertions of the Committee among the higher classes of society, was very gratifying, and this could be kept up if *Eleven Gentlemen of England* could spare the time to pay a visit; consequently to them is extended an earnest invitation, and they are promised a cordial welcome.

New York, Nov. 4th, 1859.

THE substance of the following pages, was with flattering approbation, assigned a place in "*The Charleston Courier*"—a distinguished journal, published daily, in the city of Charleston, South Carolina.

T H E
INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCH.

Eleven Professional Cricketers from England, against Twenty-two Players selected from Clubs in the United States, played in the Elysian Fields, at Hoboken, N. J., Oct. 3d, 4th and 5th, 1859.

Hac iter Elysium nobis.

Virgil, Æneid, 6, L. 542.

"This path conducts us to the Elysian fields."

Hurrying along Broadway on the morning of the 3d October, with rather a quicker pace than is my wont, I was hailed by a friend:

"Whither so fast, good Junius?"

The questions he asked, and the answers returned, reminded me of the following dialogue between TROILUS and ÆNEAS, in SHAKESPEARE'S play of "Troilus and Cressida:—"

ÆNEAS—What good sport is out of town to-day?

TROILUS—But to the sport abroad—are you bound thither?

ÆNEAS—In all swift haste.

TROILUS—Come, go we then together.

The International Cricket match, so long anticipated with pleasure, has at last been consummated. The result, it will now be our delightful task to chronicle, for the benefit of that portion of our readers, who know enough of the game to appreciate the excel-

lence and skill, which will be seen, by our report, to have been displayed on this memorable occasion—memorable for all time to come, not only as under all the circumstances, a well played game on both sides, but as *the first meeting that has taken place between English and American players!*

In consequence of the admitted superiority of “the All England Eleven,” it was agreed and arranged that they should play in Canada and in the United States upon the same conditions, and with the same apparent odds against them, as is commonly the case in England, (eleven against twenty-two) when opposed to any of the younger clubs in provincial towns. The Oxford University Eleven, and the Cambridge University Eleven, and the Marylebone Club, of course they cannot contend against at such a disadvantage, but they sometimes give even to these strong Elevens, the odds of a Player or two, from their own ranks, whenever it is thought by so doing they can more nearly equalize the sides, and consequently impart greater interest to the game.

The English players, twelve in number, selected for the matches, were from a club known as the “All England,” and from another club, called “the United All England;” one of the twelve acted as umpire. These men have the reputation of being among the finest proficient of the game in the world—they are from the great Cricketing counties of Surrey, Cambridge, Sussex and Nottingham. Their names are George Parr, John Jackson, Julius Cæsar, Thomas Hayward, Alfred Diver, H. H. Stephenson, John Wisden, John Lillywhite, William Caffyn, Thomas Lockyer, James Grundy, and Robert Carpenter.

It will be proper to put on record, a brief sketch of the peculiar forte and excellence that distinguishes each of these accomplished players.

We will begin with Parr—having been chosen the Captain of this Band of Brothers—he is, consequently, *par excellence* “the first and foremost man”—he is from Nottingham—ranks as the great Leviathan of Batters—in many points of the game reputed to be on *a par* with the best—few in his vocation can *pari passu*, keep pace with him. He had a namesake once, who was a noted player; he played a few seasons, and then I lost sight of him. If they had both flourished at the same time, though not akin to each other, they would, nevertheless, professionally have been “*par nobile fratrium*.”

I remember when the present distinguished player first brought

himself into notoriety—it was in a match in 1845, between the rival counties of Kent and Nottingham. Parr played on the Nottingham side, and had two glorious innings; he was then only twenty-three years of age, and displayed some of the best play during the match. *He carried his bat out both innings*, an uncommon triumph, particularly regarded so on that occasion, as the men who were opposed to him were the same strong party who had just before played “All England.”

His career as a Cricketer has since been a succession of brilliant exhibitions of skill, but his last great performance has outdone all that had gone before, brilliant as they had been.

In the great match between the rival counties of Surrey and Nottingham, played last summer at Lord's, in which many of the best Cricketers in the world were engaged, and in which there was an unprecedented aggregate of runs obtained. Parr scored *one hundred and thirty* in one innings.

Parr is now about thirty-three years of age, in full vigor, apparently, of health and strength. His appearance is particularly *striking*, and his manner of *striking the ball* equally so.

Grundy, like Parr, is a Nottingham man, famous among Cricketers as a splendid bowler, and magnificent bat. He has made many displays of his skill, but, perhaps he has never made a grander display than he did at Lord's Ground, (London,) in July last, when playing on the side of eleven gentlemen and players of England against sixteen gentlemen of the University of Oxford, he defended his wicket for six hours, scoring 108, for which he was presented with a new bat, on returning to the pavilion.

Jackson is classed as a Nottingham man, and plays on that side—but he was born in Suffolk. He is notorious for the terrific celerity of his bowling. Human power, it is thought, cannot shoot a ball quicker than his right arm.

Caffyn is from Reigate, in the County of Surrey; he is an excellent bowler and fielder, and equaled by few as a batsman. Playing recently in one of the greatest matches ever played in England—a match between the rival counties of Surrey and Nottingham, at which there was an aggregate of runs unprecedented—I believe, in the annals of Cricket—Caffyn scored off his own bat in the first innings of the Surrey side, *seventy-six*; also, in another match, when playing as one of the “United Eleven,” he made 124 in his first innings, of six hours and a half, and *broke three bats* in doing it.

Thomas Hayward has not long been before the public. He promises to be one of the best bats in the world. To give an instance of his skill, in the second innings of a recent match between the "Surrey Eleven" and "All England," the score was 390.

Hayward playing on the side of England, acquitted himself with great *eclat*. He scored in his first innings 67; in his second 68; and *mirabile dictu*, he made 220 this year against good bowling and fielding.

Cæsar is a Surrey man—young and active—great in the field, and a magnificent bat.

Lockyer hails from Surrey, also is a careful steady bat—has made many brilliant scores; but he is particularly renowned as the first of Wicket Keepers—brilliant, and in his movements quick as lightning in its play, he accomplishes things at the wicket nobody else would think of attempting.

Lillywhite is of Sussex; he bears the name of a never ending and immortal family in the most glorious roll of Cricketers. He is a good bat, bowler and fielder, as all the Lillywhites have been who have gone before him. He is a son of the great William Lillywhite.

Wisden is from Brighton, and bears the honorable title of "*Prince of Bowlers*." From his great knowledge of the game, he possesses the power to defend his wicket as successfully as any of his brother players. He is a good fielder also, and great slip.

Carpenter is from Cambridge, good at all points: still a very young man, about 28 years of age, yet his brilliant batting has already made for him a high reputation. His 97 in a recent match in England, decided the game in favor of his side. In the field he is as active and playful as a young colt turned loose in his pasture; he throws the ball and catches it in a manner that denotes him to be the *artist* that he is.

Stephenson I believe is the youngest man of the party, yet he is a splendid bat, one of the best bowlers in England, and fast treading in the footsteps of Lockyer, as a wicket keeper. He is excellent in any department he may happen to fill.

Diver is from Cambridge: he is the son of one who was Janitor of St. John's College when the writer of this was an Undergraduate at the University of Cambridge. Diver is a good bat. As a long stop, he is admitted to be without a superior; the manner in which he picks up those flying balls that bound, and jump, and *ricochet* along the ground, like balls on the surface of water, hot from the

cannon's mouth, can only be appreciated by those who have had to face and stand the shock and risk of modern bowling, particularly such shooters as come from the arm of a Jackson.

Monday, the third of October, was the day fixed for the match to be played in the neighborhood of New York City. The game commenced according to public announcement at 12 o'clock. The locality chosen was admirable, being within easy reach, and yet not too near the city. The ground on which the wickets were to be pitched, had been properly prepared and made ready for the occasion. The spot was a portion of the Elysian Fields at Hoboken, the domains of E. A. Stevens, Esq., a name identified as long as we recollect, with all honorable sports and manly exercises in his vicinity.

The ferry boats to accommodate the vast crowds, made extra trips between the city and Hoboken. The consequence was, the great event of the day "came off" in the presence of the largest array of spectators that had ever previously been congregated for such an object in this country. During all the forenoon, and throughout the day, convincing proof of the interest felt, large parties were flocking to the ground from all directions along the roads leading to it.

By the hour appointed for the umpires to call "*play*," the seats which had been comfortably arranged for the accommodation of about five thousand had all been secured, and a large number were standing about in every eligible position from which a view of the ground could be obtained. In short, every available spot was alive with an enthusiastic crowd of both sexes—"young men and maidens, old men and children."

"No space to spare—
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share."

The arrangements were under the supervision of a Special Committee of the St. George's Cricket Club, appointed for the purpose. Their arrangements were excellent, well calculated to secure the comfort and enjoyment of all present. Considering the immense crowd anxious to see all that was going on, everything was "done decently and in order." The day could not be more propitious.

"The glorious sun
Stay'd in his course and played the alchemist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meagre, cloddy earth to glittering gold."

A day so beautiful should have a tongue to speak for itself, and tell its own story. Willis beautifully says, as he says much that he does say beautifully, that if ever "there has been one so beautiful, and if its genial sunshine and its gentle breezes went past unrecorded, the past should give back its unwritten."

But whilst the clans are gathering, and "the cry is still they come," a *signal* is given that all is in readiness for the commencement of the game. It acted with magic power upon that vast assembly—a few moments before it was an excited, vociferous crowd, swaying about here and there like rolling waves, but now suddenly becalmed; that tumultuous body, that sea of human beings, was as still, as voiceless, and as absorbed in expectation of mighty-things to come, as if the fate of an empire depended upon the muscle, the prowess, and the skill of those who were now being marshalled under their respective captains, "the way they were to go."

As Lord Byron says, in describing another popular scene:—

"The lists are op'd, the spacious area clear'd,
Thousands on thousands pil'd, are seated round—
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is hear'd,
No vacant space for lated wight is found—
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound.
Hush'd is the din of tongues—as now advance
The cavaliers prepared for venturous deeds—
If in the noble game they shine to-day,
The crowds loud shout, and ladies lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
And all their toils repay."

From time to time during the day, Dodworth's celebrated band discoursed most eloquent music, whilst the fluttering of gay banners in the breeze, the flags of America and England waving alongside each other; the display of the *beauties* of the game, and the *beauties* of the fairer part of creation, all combined to render the scene a most enchanting one.

The All-England Eleven having won the toss, sent the Twenty-two in first. Mr. Charles Vinten acted as umpire for the Twenty-two, and Mr. John Lillywhite for the other side. Mr. Baker, of Montreal, was obliging enough to act as one of the scorers. The Eleven filled their principal places in the fields as follows: Parr and Jackson bowlers; Lockyer, wicket-keeper; Carpenter point; Stephenson, cover point; and Diver long stop.

We need not give in this place the names of the Twenty-two, as they will be enumerated soon, in the progress of the game.

Lang and Waller, (the captain of the Twenty-two) were the first to take bat in hand,

The batters were much more cool and collected than I expected they would be, placed in the very trying position to their nerves of having to *open the ball* before such an assembly.

Parr delivered the *first ball*. Lang on the third ball scoring a single by a fine cut. "Over" being called, Lang drove the first ball of Jackson for 1; after scoring two singles more, Waller was unfortunately run out. H. Sharp took his place, when Lang having made one more, was bowled by Parr. Hammond joined Sharp, the latter was stumped by Lockyer with the most consummate skill.

The ball was coming with uncommon celerity; one of Jackson's fast ones; Sharp got out of his ground for a moment, when lo and behold, Lockyer stopped this ball right over the wicket, and off went the bails. It was *Sharp* work indeed, so much so as to elicit from the vast crowd who witnessed it, by a long and hearty applause, appreciation of his masterly dexterity in his own particular branch of the game. Gibbes now faced Hammond with a calm and gentle air. He is about six feet in height, of a kind but determined aspect, well made, and strong in arms and limbs, and such readiness in using them, that he may, with his other good qualifications, well be regarded as he is, one of the best models in our country for a *gentleman Cricketer*!

Great was the disappointment then among his admiring friends when the first ball this accomplished player received from Jackson knocked off his bails, *going from his pad to the wicket*. To show what a glorious uncertainty there is in this game, we had the pleasure of witnessing a fine innings played by this gentleman the following week at Philadelphia, against the same bowlers. I must allude to it here, for another opportunity will not present itself, and it deserves to be recorded, for it was, by long odds, in the eyes of all who know the game, the best play in the whole match on the American side—it was the only time when the English players felt they had anything to do. On the occasion I allude to, Gibbes had Wister for a companion, who batted admirably. I never shall forget the grace with which Gibbes took his position at the wicket—full of resolution, with a watchful untroubled countenance as the first ball was bowled to him. It was a beautiful ball, hard to ward off, but Gibbes at once showed his fine defence by the manner in which he stopped it. Here followed a succession of fine bowling on one side, and glorious defences on the part of those at the wickets. What prudence and caution they showed by judiciously blocking some balls, and making runs off others by scientific cutting, or

driving them away by powerful hitting. Gibbes continued in until the wickets were drawn. It was unfortunate there had not been another hour of daylight, as, in that event, as he was so well in, the probability is his score would have been equal to the highest made by our English friends.

But we must return from this digression. Scarlett was the next to take his place at the wicket, vice Gibbes retired. He scored three, his companion, Hammond, batting cautiously. There were now five maiden overs from Jackson—then Hammond made a splendid drive for three off Parr—he was soon after caught by Hayward. Marsh came next, but he was soon given out, leg before wicket. Wilby supplied the vacancy, he scored three by a drive for two, and a single to leg; in the meantime, Scarlett was given out leg before wicket. Wilby soon followed him to the tent, having been bowled by Parr. Senior and H. Wright now faced each other, but they were soon separated—after obtaining three singles, Senior hit his own wicket. J. Higham took his place at the wicket, but a terrific ball from Jackson soon disposed of him. Head filled the vacancy thus created, and Jackson was unceremonious enough to “off with his *head*” in the same way he had done his predecessor. The veteran and *popular* Sam Wright (if we may judge from the loud applause with which he was greeted) had, in the interim, put in an appearance, and he commenced *right*, but his reign was of short duration, for incautiously stepping out of his ground, he was, as a certain consequence, *stumped out* by the ever-vigilant Lockyer in magnificent style. This exhibition of skill on the part of Lockyer, was again immediately recognized, and loudly applauded. H. Wright having just been put out, also, by a catch of Lockyer off Parr, we find two youths from the Philadelphia Club facing each other at the wicket, Morgan and Newhall. The latter is destined to hold a conspicuous place among American Cricketers. He is active, graceful, with a fine figure. He does not appear to be twenty years of age, yet he is already a fine bat, excellent long stop, and few superior to him in any position in the field. As he stood at the wicket, he reminded me of the Lord of the Unerring Bow, described by Lord Byron:—

“The God of life, and poesy, and Light—
The sun in human limbs array’d, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight—
The shaft hath just been shot the arrow bright,
With an immortal vengeance in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance, the Deity!”

He scored very prettily in this match, obtaining five, when he was caught beautifully by Diver off Jackson. J. Walker took his place, when Morgan being caught by Jackson off Parr at slip, made way for Crossley—soon after Walker retiring from a splendid bail ball from Jackson, but having scored two, Comery faced Crossley. They did not long keep each other in countenance. “Keep moving” seemed to be the order of the day. Parr bowled out the latter without troubling the scorers. His successor, Bage, began his innings well by a capital hit out of bounds for three. This Jackson thought was too good to be permitted to last, so unkindly knocked his stumps down the next ball. H. Lillywhite came next, but playing the first ball from Jackson into the air, Carpenter at *point* made it a *point* to secure it ere it descended to mother earth again. F. Barelay was run out, and Comery hitting his own wicket, Hallis, who was the last of the Twenty-two, had to bring his bat out without having had a chance to do anything.

The first innings terminated after a contest of about two hours. After the Cricketers had partaken of the refreshments prepared for them, the ground was again cleared, and Carpenter and Hayward in simple dress arrayed, entered the arena with bat in hand, as the representatives of the All England Eleven. They promptly take their places at their respective wickets ready to defend them, but not before with cautious step, the ground is traversed o’er, lest ought unseen should lurk there to turn a ball, or interrupt the striker’s speed in making a run. The following sentiments seemed to be expressed by many a countenance in the vast crowd :

“ On, on, you noble English,
Who, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts, from morn till even fought
And sheath’d their swords for lack of argument.

You, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture—
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game’s afoot;
Follow your spirit.”

The expectation of the spectators was now at its height, and the crowd felt every disposition to press in, but the ground, nevertheless, was well kept, and the game proceeded without the anxious multitude trespassing in the slightest degree upon the players. The most marked order prevailed throughout the day.

Sam Wright and Crossley were the first to bowl on the side of

the Twenty-two, the former giving the first "over." Carpenter sent away the third ball, a splendid leg hit for 3. Hayward scored a single off Crossley, and so did Carpenter, Crossley's mode of bowling having been determined by the umpire, John Lillywhite, as not strictly in accordance with the rule regulating over-hand bowling; Comery was substituted for Crossley. The bowling was *excellent*, but not *efficient*. The accomplished men at the wickets seemed to do just as they pleased, putting the ball wherever they deemed safest and best. A finer display of scientific batting was never witnessed we venture to say, than was afforded for upwards of an hour by these celebrated Cricketers. Many balls were hit outside the circle of spectators, whilst Hayward gave many a specimen of his neat style of scoring singles. Changes in the bowling were tried, but without avail, as Hallis and Marsh found their swift balls as easily stopped and scored off as those of Wright and Comery, whose delivery is not perhaps quite as swift as theirs. After having been at the wickets an hour and a half, Carpenter was caught by Senior off Hallis at square leg. The telegraph announced his score to be 26. On his retirement, he was loudly applauded for the fine treat he had afforded.

Wisden *succeeded*, but not, though a fine cautious batsman, destined this time to *succeed* as well. The fates seemed to be against him, for he gave two slight chances, neither of which were taken. After a fine leg hit for two and a single, he was run out in attempting to make three from a ball driven in magnificent style by Hayward to long field on. He could not get across in time, and was given out. He must have put his *highest pressure* on however, for he could not very well stop, moving from his wickets to his tent with a quick and rapid movement. The telegraph now announced two wickets down and 73 runs.

The renowned George Parr now was seen, with bat in hand, walking towards the wickets. His recognition by those who knew him was the signal for an immense outburst of applause. All eyes were immediately turned upon the Champion. He is of middle height, straight, muscular, with a mild quiet air. He had a firm step, and conciliatory look that took the eye. There was in his manner that perfect composure that could not but engage the general judgment in his favor, and that no common player was about to give a touch of his quality.

He had been up to the present time in a plain overcoat, but now

that had been thrown off, and he stood revealed to all eyes in his cricketer's dress. Like the rest of his associates, he had on tubular India rubber leg guards, which are now so nicely adjusted as to be no impediment to the freest action of the limbs. After bowling to the vast assembly that so cordially greeted him, he gave an evidence of his skill—after scoring two singles—by a fine square leg to the uttermost boundary of the ground, the ball flying over the heads of the spectators, and hitting the fence. Gibbes was now put on to bowl in place of S. Wright, but nothing would do. Parr and Hayward remained in until the hour arrived, (5 o'clock,) which had been agreed upon for drawing the stumps, and adjourning the game to the following day.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4.

Parr and Hayward took their positions again this morning at the wickets—Hallis and Gibbes bowling. The bowling was first rate to-day, and the fielding equally so—this was manifested by the fewer runs obtained. Hayward only added one more to his brilliant score of the day before, when he lost his wicket by a ball from Hallis, not straight pitched, but glancing off his glove on to his bails. Caffyn came next, and commenced batting brilliantly, but unfortunately, received a severe hit from a ball of Hallis; the pain was so great, that he could not recover sufficiently to play with his usual skill and defence. Gibbes had the honor of bowling out both Caffyn and Parr, honor enough we should think for one innings.

Lockyer and Diver were now at the wickets, the former making a score of 12, in particularly dashing style, but was caught by Lang off Hallis, whilst Diver after scoring only one, was capitally caught by Hallis, at point, off Gibbes bowling. Stephenson and Julius Cæsar followed in succession, and exhibited some brilliant batting. Stephenson's leg hitting was superb. Hallis succeeded in finding out his wicket at last, which made way for Grundy, who remained in nearly an hour for twenty, got by the most dashing, as well as cautious and scientific play. Cæsar's six which was placed to his credit, were well got. Hallis cleverly bowled him out however, and he was followed by Jackson, though last, not the *least*, man in any respect on his side; he is the *tallest man* among his band of brothers. Grundy and Jackson remained together unseparated for some time, scoring rapidly by repeatedly knocking the ball far out of the boundary. But sooner or later all things in this world must have an end, and be no more; Grundy allowed one of Hallis's

shooters to get by him unstopped, and the innings was over ; Jackson carrying out his bat after scoring eight in a very spirited manner—a three to leg, a three drive, and two singles were his figures. The total score of the Eleven was 156, being 118 more than their opponents. We have already said that the fielding and bowling in this innings were worthy of all praise—but we should be wanting in discernment if we failed to see and to notice the triumphant success of Hallis, as a bowler. He took four wickets from his own right arm—two players were caught out from his balls, and he caught *one* out from Gibbes' bowling ; so that his name appears on the record as having something to do with the putting out in this innings of *seven of the Eleven players* ; but properly speaking, we ought to say *seven of the ten players*, as one of course had to carry his bat out !

At the commencement of the second innings of the Twenty-two, they were in a minority of 118 runs ; but though having a rough road to travel, a high hill to surmount, a large score against them to wipe off, they commenced play with so much determination, and in such a proper spirit, that the interest in the game was considerably increased. It was a treat indeed, to watch the contending parties as each with unfaltering effort strove for victory. "Every over" was watched with that intensity of interest and feeling, which none but true Cricketers can really feel and form any idea of.

We will not go into any details upon the play in this innings. It is enough to notice an improvement upon the first innings in the batting—in the *incipiency* of that confidence which promised with a little more of "that practice which makes perfect," future excellence. Many were well in—and though we must admit, that when their opponents were in, they showed that—

"The Greeks are strong, and skillful to their strength."

Nevertheless, these young players furnished ample proof that the day would come, not far remote, when they too would be equally eminent. Sharpe, Hallis, and Lang made some masterly play. Young Newhall's six, made by two threes to square leg, were loudly and deservedly applauded. Harry Wright and Sam Wright, and Head, too, made many clever runs against the fine bowling of Wisden and Caffyn, and we must not omit to mention that Walker, Crossley, Barclay and Senior made a creditable showing ; but above all, it is right, and indeed our bounden duty as a faithful and impar-

tial chronicler, to state emphatically, that small as this innings sums up, it is not to be supposed that *there was no good play on the part of those who made no runs*. In justice to these players, it should be borne in mind that many balls were hit away by them, which with ordinary fielding, were sure runs for one at least; while the singles might have scored for two, perhaps, in many instances, but for the extraordinary activity, and as it were, *ubiquity* in the field of the All England Eleven. Wherever a ball was sent, there was sure to be some one ready to pick it up and throw it in a moment.

Thus whilst we freely admit the eminent and marked superiority of one side, let us not forget to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, by allowing much to the other. They

"Together joined in Cricket's manly toil,"

did much to make for each other a worthy name. Let us then willingly award to both A WELL EARNED FAME!

We will now give the score at the conclusion of the match:

UNITED STATES TWENTY-TWO

First Innings.

Second Innings.

J. Lang, b Parr.....	6
R. Waller, run out.....	0
H. Sharpe, st Lockyer, b Jackson ..	1
W. Hammond. c Hayward, b Parr ..	6
A. H. Gibbes, b Jackson,	0
J. W. S. Scarlet, 1 b w, b Parr ..	4
A. Marsh, 1 b w, b Jackson	0
W. Wilby, b Parr	3
T. Senior, hit wicket, b Parr	1
H. Wright, c Lockyer, b Parr	1
J. Higham, b Jackson	1
Head, b Jackson	0
S. Wright, st Lockyer, b Jackson ..	1
W. Newhall. c Diver, b Jackson ..	5
Morgan, c Jackson b Parr	0
J. Walker, b Jackson	2
W. Crossley, b Parr	0
W. Comery, hit wicket, b Parr ..	0
R. Bage, b Jackson	3
II. Lillywhite, c Carpenter, b	
Jackson	6
F. Barclay, run out	0
Hallis not out	0
Bye, 1, leg bye, 1	2

c Carpenter, b Wisden	7
c Lockyer b Caffyn	0
c and b Caffyn	5
b Caffyn	0
c Lockyer, b Caffyn	0
c Carpenter, b Caffyn	1
c Wisden, b Caffyn	0
b Caffyn	0
c Carpenter, b Caffyn	3
b Caffyn	5
b Caffyn	0
c Lockyer, b Caffyn	5
b Wisden	3
b Caffyn	6
c Lockyer, b Caffyn	0
b Wisden	0
c Carpenter, b Caffyn	4
1 b w, b Caffyn	5
not out	0

c Lockyer, b Caffyn	0
run out	1
b Wisden	5
Bye 1, leg byes, 3	4

Total.....38

Total.....54

ENGLISH ELEVEN.

R. Carpenter, c Senior, b Hallis. 26	J. Caesar, b Hallis..... 6
T. Hayward, b Hallis..... 33	J. Grundy, b Hallis..... 20
J. Wisden, run out..... 3	J. Jackson, not out..... 8
G. Parr, b Gibbes..... 7	Byes 10, leg byes 1, wides 12,
W. Caffyn, b Gibbes..... 5	no balls 2..... 25
T. Lockyer, c Lang, b Hallis... 12	—
A. Diver, c Hallis, b Gibbes... 1	Total..... 156
H. H. Stephenson, b Hallis... 10	

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING OF THE ELEVEN.

<i>First Innings.</i>	<i>Balls.</i>	<i>Runs.</i>	<i>M'n Overs.</i>	<i>Wickets.</i>	<i>Wides.</i>
Parr.....	116	26	12	9	0
Jackson.....	112	10	19	10	0
Wisden.....	126	24	22	4	0
Caffyn.....	136	26	25	16	0

OF THE TWENTY-TWO

	<i>Balls.</i>	<i>Runs.</i>	<i>Maidens.</i>	<i>Wickets.</i>	<i>Wides.</i>
S. Wright.....	56	18	7	0	0
Crossley.....	4	1	0	0	0
Comery.....	72	32	5	0	1
Hallis.....	173	45	26	6	4
Marsh.....	32	6	4	0	3
Gibbes.....	34	23	9	3	3

UMPIRES:—John Lillywhite of England, and Charles Vinten of St. George's Club.

Thus terminated this glorious game, affording a period of such pleasure—

“That it in golden letters will be set
Among the high tides in the calendar.”

No sooner was the result known, than there arose from earth to Heaven one wild hurrah! It was the burst of joy, the shout which I had often heard in other days, when life was young, from my own lips resounding; when nothing had power, in my boyhood's hour, to clog the eager spirit, nor depress the glad heart, from which every trouble or care instantly rebounded.

Our task is now done. We have endeavored to give a full, true and impartial account of all that has transpired—an elaborate reproduction of the whole affair, its beginning, progress, and end. It is a matter of history, denoting the spirit of the times, proper to be put on record for the benefit not only of the living, but of those who are to come after us. As the pastime of cricket is surely destined to become more and more popular among us with every re-

turning season, the game we have reported will frequently be referred to as *one of the events of the present day*, the forerunner of better things of a like character, which are certainly destined to grow out of it.

The visit of our English friends has shown us what marvelous skill may be attained in the game of cricket, what agility may be displayed, what health insured by its manly exercise, and the very admirable manner in which, under all the circumstances, Young America contested the game, has clearly demonstrated that our young players need only the right practice to equal ere long in expertness, any men or set of men from the parent country. We are all from the same stock ; and why should we not by emulating the English cricketers, attain their excellence ? The highest standard of physical vigor and development can only be realized by athletic diversions.

If we would wish, then, to see the frames of our young men robust, their limbs strong, their muscles well developed, their chests broad and sound, their countenances ruddy, and their spirit dauntless, we must encourage all sorts of healthful, innocent, out-door recreations. Care should be taken that the corporeal as well as mental energies of our youth should be equally recreated and trained. It is said "a sound mind can alone exist in a sound body." If this be so, it follows : that the moral and intellectual character of a people must always correspond with the bodily health and vigor of a people. Now, as we know of no better mode of agreeably and profitably exercising mind and body at the same time than by the manly GAME OF CRICKET, we hope soon to see cricket grounds established near every town in our country, and the game regularly practised.

DINNER TO THE ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN.

On Friday evening, October 7, a splendid dinner was given at the Astor House, to the All-England Eleven, by the St. George's Club. The banquet was in the Ladies' Ordinary, which was very tastefully fitted up, the flags of the St. George's Club being at the head of the room. Mr. R. Waller was in the chair, and was supported on his right and left by Messrs. G. Parr, J. Wisden, and others. Dr. Irving, of South Carolina, was one of the invited guests. Dodsworth's band furnished the music, and there was a capital Glee Club present, consisting of Mr. A. P. Peck, 1st tenor, Mr. J. Philips, 2d tenor, Mr. Thomas Price 1st, and Mr. George Lockhart 2d base; Mr George W. Colley presided at the Piano.

After the cloth was removed, *Novello's non nobis Domine* was sung.

The President opened the proceedings in a neat speech, in which he alluded to the fact that the Spartans were framed for outdoor games. Indeed, he believed that the noble and manly game of Cricket was traceable to these people. He, however would not now argue that point, but requested the company to fill to the first toast, which was

1. *The noble and manly game of Cricket.*

The toast was received with three times three, and the Band played "Rule Britannia," and the "Star Spangled Banner."

The President then stated that the Queen's health was received with enthusiasm, not only by Englishmen, but by Americans, for her exemplary conduct, as a wife and a mother. He gave—

2. *The Queen—God Bless her.*

Three times three and one cheer more greeted this sentiment, and the Glee Club sang "God Save the Queen," the whole company standing and joining in the chorus.

The President then said that this free and enlightened country demanded respect from all, whether aliens or citizens. He was sure therefore, that the company would do honor to their chief magistrate. He gave—

3. *The President of the United States.*

Nine cheers were given for the President, and the band played "Hail Columbia," the company all standing.

John Brougham here being called upon for a comic song, said, "Mr. President, with pleasure." He then gave, (what appeared to be a version of his own,) "The Rale Ould Irish Gentleman," with such a funny brogue, as to keep the company in a roar the whole time he was singing. He was warmly applauded.

The President in introducing the fourth toast, spoke of the rapid strides cricket had made in England during the last century. He alluded to several great cricketers, including Ward, Lord Fred. Beauclerk, &c. Ward made the longest score, and remained longer in than any man who ever played. The President also gave a history of the All-England Eleven, out of whom arose the United All-England Eleven, and to these two clubs they were indebted for the pleasure of the company of the gentlemen who were at the table that evening. He called attention to the fact that these men, many of whom had never been at sea before, had come three thousand miles to play a game of Cricket, and he trusted soon these international games would become general, so that billiards, of which the champion was in New York—(applause)—and rackets would also have their representatives from England. He gave—

5. *The All-England Eleven*—Our guests to-night.

The customary nine cheers were given for the guests, and Mr. Philips sang "The Englishman."

Mr. George Parr, Captain of the All-England Eleven, responded, stating that he and his men were not public speakers; if they were they could hardly respond to the kindness extended to them. If the Great Eastern succeeded, he hoped these matches would be often played, and he trusted to meet the St. George's people in England. There was a gentleman in America named Morphy, who had beaten all Europe at Chess. He hoped he would be pardoned if he said that they, (the All-Englanders,) had beaten the St. George's men at Cricket. He trusted then, that peace and happiness would attend them all.

In introducing the next toast, the President read a letter from the Mayor, apologizing for his absence on professional grounds. He expressed his best wishes for the welfare of the St. Georges Club.

The President then gave—

5. *The Mayor and Corporation of New York.*

The toast was received with six cheers, and the glee, "Mynheer Van Dunck," by the Glee Club.

The President then called upon all present to fill their glasses to a class of people in which all were deeply interested. It was the desire of the club to give every encouragement to American Cricketers—young or old. In Philadelphia the boys had commenced at it, and in New York they were coming. He hoped to see the All-England Eleven here again next year, for their advent would foster cricketing among Americans. He gave—

6. *The success and advancement of Cricket among American Cricketers.*

The toast received all the honors, and was followed by a Solo and Chorus, "*Vive la America*," by Mr. Peck and Club.

Great cheering followed the toast, the band playing "We're a band of brothers." Dr. Irving responded.

The remaining toasts were—

7. *Mr. Pickering and the Montreal Club.*

Glee—"The chough and crow."

8. *The Umpires and Scorers.*

Glee—"Willie brewed a peck o' maut."

9. *The Press.*

10. *The Ladies.*

Glee—"A bumper to the fair."

Mr. Baker responded for Mr. Pickering and the Montreal Cricketers, and Mr. Vinten for the Umpires and Scorers.

Several volunteer toasts followed, one of which by Captain Parr, was to the President of the St. George's Club, J. C. Wells, Esq., who responded; and song, toast, and sentiment continued until the company separated, which was at a late hour.

Subsequently to the above elegant entertainment, the following correspondence took place between Robert Waller, Esq., and Dr. Irving:—

NEW YORK, 63 Cedar Street, }
October 8, 1859. }

Dr. John B. Irving, of Charleston, S. C.

Dear Sir:—Allow me to express to you our warmest thanks for your kindness in preparing and delivering for us, such a really great address, and which has so charmed your hearers, that I am request-respectfully to ask the favor of a copy for publication in pamphlet form, as we think such eloquent remarks properly disseminated, must enhance the interest in our noble game.

Allow me, for the club and personally, to offer to you our best wishes for your health and happiness, and to extend to you an invitation, whenever you are in the city, to visit our grounds.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, very sincerely,

ROBERT WALLER,

Chairman Committee S. G. C. C.

PHILADELPHIA, October 11, 1859.

Robert Waller, Esq.,

Dear Sir;—Your very flattering and kind note was handed to me yesterday by Mr. Baker, of Canada.

I am much gratified to find the speech I had the honor to deliver by your invitation, at the very handsome entertainment given in New York by the St. George's Cricket Club, to the "All-England Eleven," has proved acceptable. I will with pleasure comply with your request for a copy, but must respectfully beg your indulgence until I return home next week, that I may be able in the quiet of my own study, properly to prepare it for the press.

Do present the acknowledgments of an old brother cricketer to the St. George's Club, for their invitation to visit their ground whenever I may be in its vicinity; and for yourself, accept my cordial thanks for courtesies which have made a deep and lasting impression upon your very much obliged,

JOHN B. IRVING.

SPEECH OF DR. IRVING.

I acknowledge the distinguished honor which has been conferred upon me by being invited to represent American Cricketers here this evening, and to respond to the sentiment which has been given in compliment to that now large, and respectable body of our fellow-citizens. The duty assigned me is a very pleasing one, yet I must confess I undertake it with some diffidence. I cannot forget I stand here this evening a stranger among you—personally known to but few within the sound of my voice. Nevertheless, Mr. Chairman, though I am in one sense a stranger, personally known as I have said, to few who now hear me, I am to you, and to the gentlemen here assembled, no stranger *in feeling*, for who with one

spark of love in his bosom for our noble game, could be insensible to the deep and absorbing interest that pervaded the vast assemblies we have seen collected during the week, to witness and admire the prowess and the skill of AMERICAN AND ENGLISH CRICKETERS.

It has always been conceded that the mind of man must occasionally be unbent by recreation, and our bodies strengthened by some kind of exercise or another; if possible, that kind of exercise of which it may be said, "*Labor ipse voluptas.*"

The labor itself is a pleasure.

If history has writ its annals true, every one, even "the most potent, grave and reverend" have always had a passion, or preference, perhaps is a better word, for some favorite diversion, and habitually indulged in it.

The recreation of one of the most learned fathers of the Church, during the time he was engaged in the composition of his most profound theological work, was to suspend his labors at the end of every second hour, and twirl his chair for five minutes.

Seneca maintained, not exactly in the words, that "all work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy," but in the very spirit of those homespun words, he spoke, when in closing his treatise "On the Tranquility of the Soul," he laid it down as incontrovertible and true, that a continuity of labor deadens the soul, and the mind must unbend itself by some kind of amusement or another, if it would perform efficiently the graver duties of life.

Richelieu amidst all *his* great occupations, never omitted setting apart a portion of his time for exercise, and he preferred the most violent.

The famous Samuel Clarke was fond of robust sports, and when this profound logician could not go out of doors, he would amuse himself by leaping over the tables and chairs in his room.

Granville Sharp, though a severe student, was notorious as a good oarsman. He owned a boat, and was seen pulling daily on the Thames. He was not the *the champion of the river*, but few professional rowers could glide by him, when in his trim built wherry on his watery way to Putney, to Kew, and to Richmond.

These are only a few of the many hundred instances that might be cited to prove the necessity felt for relaxation of mind and body. Seeing then that mankind will have "pleasure in the way they like it," of all the various expedients resorted to for that purpose, we know of no better mode of accomplishing both objects—namely,

an agreeable and innocent recreation of mind and body at the same time, than by the noble game of CRICKET; and happily for society, this seems to be the popular and prevailing opinion, thereby keeping men from worse occupations, and places where idlers "most do congregate."

From the earliest historical period, we find some kind of game played with a ball, a favorite and generally practised gymnastic exercise. Homer gives us an account of one in his "Odyssey." The young Spartans, Athenians, and Romans *played ball*, as their favorite and common recreation. With the students of France, Germany and Italy, during the middle ages, it continued a popular amusement, great skill being appreciated, and sometimes honored.

There have been various games of ball, known from the earliest periods; the four that have come down to us, as most in favor, are TENNIS, RACKETS, CRICKET, and BASE BALL.

At present, we have only to do with CRICKET. To give my hearers therefore some insight into its history, I will state that the best authorities think that it takes its origin from an ancient game called *club ball*, *bats* being used in that game.

The name *Cricket* is probably derived from an Anglo-Saxon word *Cricce*, signifying a staff or bat.

The name *Cricket*, as given to this game, does not appear to have been used before the year 1685. During the next century, (1700,) the name is frequently mentioned in the ballads of the day.

To be played well, it is a game requiring the union of bodily strength, activity, great nerve, and good temper; *powers of mind* to determine quickly *what* is to be done, and in what manner it can be done best and safest.

About the year 1786, cricket began to attract attention in England, but during the present century, it has grown so wonderfully in favor with all classes—with gentlemen and professional players, as they are known there, these terms including all sorts and conditions of men, of whatever degree they may be in society, who play the game—that now there is not a village or town, without one or more Cricket Clubs.

The popularity and fascination of the game in England has extended to our shores. By way of keeping up pleasant recollections of "their Fatherland," and the pastimes of their youth, several gentlemen at New York from England, associated themselves in 1838, under the title of the St. George's Club, and occasionally

amusing themselves with "the manly game," thus introduced the game among us.

From the good example of the St. George's the New York Club arose ; hence, also, the formation of other clubs in all the principal towns in Canada, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and many other places throughout our country, North and West ; hence, from the emulation among these clubs to excel each other, matches are continually made and played ; and hence, also, the desire on the part of Young America, as it felt itself "growing with its growth, and strengthening with its strength," to meet their Brethren of the Bat and Ball of the *Old* country, in friendly rivalry in the *New* !

No arrival in this country from England could have produced greater excitement than these celebrated Cricketers have done, except a visit from Queen Victoria herself, for as justly as her Majesty is beloved at home, I am proud to say, as an American citizen, she is also beloved here, everywhere—her name never fails to awaken a thrill of admiration in every heart capable of reverencing "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just ; whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report, that can combine to dignify and bless that—

" Noblest pattern of excelling nature,"

a NOBLE QUEEN, a VIRTUOUS WOMAN."

Representing American Cricketers, as I have the honor to do this evening, it may be expected of me, perhaps, to say something individually of the English players—those *stars* now shining about us—they are all stars, moving in orbits of their own.

One star, it is said, differeth from another star, *in glory*—it may be so—but I must confess as to these stars, we American Cricketers have been too much dazzled by their general brilliancy, to determine which to our eye, is "*the bright particular.*"

We will institute then, no comparison between them, but be satisfied to admit their superiority, and that they are among the number of the finest proficient of the game in the world !

To show my estimate of their merits, a friend knowing I was an old Cricketer, asked me my opinion of them, I gave it in the following words :—

In fielding nimble, and in bowling strong ;
In batting skillful, all their innings long ;
Well formed to run, to throw or strike the ball ;
The many points of Cricket, good in all.

The visit of our English friends Mr. Chairman, will inaugurate a new state of things among us—it is destined to begin a new era in our cricket life and experience.

In the first place, it has afforded an opportunity to our young Cricketers to see the game played, as they have never seen it before, *secundum artem*; it has induced many to go and see the game for themselves, that had only heard it from others—that had heard of it by the hearing of the ear, but now their eye hath seen it, and they understand in some measure, the qualifications requisite to make a good player.

In short, the visit of our friends has done much to *popularize* the game, and to establish it here in the affections of the people as firmly as it is in England, making it the *great game of the age* in which we live.

It is but a limited view of the event we are now celebrating to confine it to a mere social event.

This, to be sure, is a very pleasing aspect to view it in, but it may be contemplated and ought to be regarded and appreciated in another and equally important aspect.

It is not enough for us to think that these gentlemen, the "All-England Eleven," the finest proficient of the game in the world, are here to-day and will be gone to-morrow, and to leave behind them no traces that they have been here.

Oh, no! They *will leave evidence behind them* of having been among us by the marked improvement that will be immediately seen in our play, and by the happy results that consequently must follow, creating and diffusing far and near, a popular taste for healthy out-door muscular amusements.

Our people have hitherto been too much a hard-working people—taking too few holidays, devoting too little time to health-giving, joy-inspiring, open-air recreations.

Who but believes that the public *well being*, and the stamina of future generations must be benefitted if we can only succeed in bringing about an increased interest in all manly athletic exercises, but particularly the game of Cricket; that affords above all other games, a greater number of opportunities than any other known game, to combine an agreeable and profitable occupation of *mind and body* at the same time.

We have heard of late a great deal in commendation of Cricket, but there is one peculiar characteristic I venture to say, many who are now listening to me have never heard.

I allude to *the beautiful moral lesson* it is capable of teaching if the disposition be not wanting in ourselves to profit by it. Punctuality, energy, quickness of perception and execution, and good temper—these are the cardinal virtues this game is capable of teaching.

I will lift the veil, for a few moments, that shrouds the past. I ask you to let your eyes rest as mine do now in imagination, upon your Cricket ground, in which are assembled a goodly company, a worthy band of brothers, to play the game. What do we see? Look—with what punctuality the wickets are pitched—with what energy they defend them—with what *good humor* they lose them.

Does this teach us nothing? Oh, yes! Do we not learn from it to be punctual in all our engagements in life? Do we not see the necessity of doing what we have to do with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our mind? Above all, does it not teach us to show no unmanly passion, no unbecoming chagrin and mortification at any reverses that may overtake us?

There is, depend upon it, a humanizing, a civilizing influence in the game. How different is the conduct of those who assemble to witness a Cricket match, and any other popular pastime? I have been identified a great portion of my life with horses and horse-racing. If I have had one passion greater than another, it is my fondness for the sports of the turf. I have devoted much time to promote its interests; I have written more upon the subject than any other private individual in this country not immediately connected with a sporting paper. Whatever opinion I may express, then, is entitled to consideration and respect.

Candor compels me to say therefore, that whilst I have witnessed occasionally, “a row, a rumpus, and a rioting,” on a race field at the North, which we are wholly exempt from at the South, I have never seen aught upon a Cricket ground, but what would seem to result from an acquiescence in, and respectful obedience to, that divine injunction, “Let everything be done decently, and in order.”

All American Cricketers are under great obligation to those who first suggested the idea of inviting the “All-England Eleven” to come to this country. I am told we are indebted to Mr. Pickering, of Montreal, and the St. George’s Cricket Club, for setting the body and the limbs of the great sport in motion. I have also been informed that the expense of preparing the beautiful ground in this vicinity where the game was played, was liberally defrayed by the

proprietor of that lordly domain—if so, it is nothing more than what might have been expected from one bearing the name of *Stevens*—that is a name gentlemen, identified as long as I can recollect, with all honorable sports and manly pastimes in this State, and I congratulate you that the present representatives of the good name of Stevens, has inherited not only the wealth, but the *noble* spirit of a *noble* brother.

I knew the elder Mr. Stevens when he was upon the turf, and I respect his memory ; but this is not the place for me to strew my cypress over his honored grave.

The excitement produced by the arrival of the English players, has not been confined to this section of our country—it is general throughout the land. As an evidence of it, I have traveled nearly a thousand miles to witness the international match here. I could not resist the temptation to do so. Long before any of the present players were born, I was accounted, in England, a good Cricketer. My first public performance was in 1818, as one of the Eleven of the Liverpool Club, who played the North Shore, Lancashire, and defeated them. I subsequently played frequently, as an under-graduate, at the University of Cambridge. In those days we did not play against Oxford and the Marylebone Club, as is now the case, but frequently College against College, and always an annual match —“ Gown against the Town.”

A very remarkable coincidence occurred on Tuesday last, whilst I was witnessing the progress of the game, which is worth relating—a gentleman approached me and observed “ why Doctor, this must put you in mind of old times”—it proved to be *one of the Eleven* who played with me as a member of the Liverpool Club, in the match I have just alluded to, *forty-two years ago* ; the name of my acquaintance of auld lang syne is Edward Menlove, now a prominent and opulent merchant, doing business in New Orleans. He happened to have arrived from England a few days before the Cricket Match came off at Hoboken, hence our unexpected and happy meeting.

I cannot express to you brother Cricketers, how gratifying it has been to me, to have been among you during the past week—I would not have missed it for a great deal—and yet, I cannot say, as I sound my own heart now, whether for weal or woe it will be that I have in the last few hours, lived over again years long flown—other days have come back to me.

“ With recollected music, but the tone
Is chang’d and solemn.”

While gazing on the animated scene I have attempted to described, I fancied myself contesting some of my own young encounters over again, and I won't say how often the unavailing wish escaped my lips—

“I WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN!”
 Our early days—how often back
 We turn on life's bewildering track
 To where o'er the Atlantic plays
 The sunlight of our early days.”

The day on which this great contest came off, will be to all enthusiastic Cricketers in New York, a sort of “St. Crispin's Day.”

Whoever have taken part in the game, they—

“Will stand on tiptoe, when the day is named,
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
 But they'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats they did that day. Then shall the names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,
 Of Parr and Wisden, Grundy and the rest,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered,
 This story shall each good man teach his son;
 The day shall ne'er go by
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But they in it shall be remembered,
 The few, the happy few, the Band of Brothers.”

May such be the happy character of all the meetings in future between the two countries. May *balls* fly between them with the rapidity but not the hostile fury of *cannon balls*. May nothing occur to diminish the confidence that now distinguishes both the mother and the daughter—England and America—the one in the other. No more the drum or trumpet's clangor provoke them to arms. May their only emulation be, who shall serve their respective countries most, not in “the big wars that make ambition virtue,” but in cultivating that *PEACE* and good-will upon earth, which is the source and soul of social life. We mean that peace and good will which, with much significance, Cumberland tells us in words to the following purport, *bestows holidays and joyous feasts like the present, and increases the number of our friends, our social comforts and our pleasures, which alone make life a blessing!*

But I have done. I have had too much experience in festive gatherings of this kind not to have learned by this time, that it is in exceedingly bad taste to interrupt at any time, by any lengthened remarks, the “feast of reason, and the flow of soul,” but particularly so after dinner, on an occasion like the present, when there is so much to do, and so little time to do it in. I will only therefore trespass long enough, representing as I have the honor to-night to do, American Cricketers, to offer in their name and in their behalf

the following sentiment, which we desire to be taken and received as an offering of the right hand of fellowship and welcome to our English visitors.

England and America—The Mother and the Daughter—one Race, one Language, one Interest, one Hope. Those whom God hath joined together, let no man dare to put asunder.



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